

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 3.

{ WILLIAM MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN,
Editor, South Reading, Mass. }

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST, 1862.

{ ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.
Payable in advance. }

NO. 8.

The Gallaudet Guide,

AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the First of every Month by "THE NEW-ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES."

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

TERMS.—\$1.00 a year, invariably in advance. To pupils in Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, Fifty cents.

Subscriptions should be sent to GEORGE HOMER, Post Office, Boston, Mass.

Editor.—WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, South Reading, Mass., to whom all articles intended for insertion in the paper should be sent.

The following is a list of the officers of the Association:—

President.—THOS. BROWN, W. Henniker, N. H. Vice President.—GEO. M. LUCAS, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Secretary.—WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, South Reading, Mass.

Treasurer, pro tem.—GEO. HOMER, Boston, Mass.

State Managers.

For Maine.—GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me.

N. H.—WM. B. SWETT, Henniker, N. H.

Vt.—GARY H. ATKINS, St. Johnsbury.

Mass.—GEORGE HOMER, Boston, Mass.

Connecticut and Rhode Island.—OSCAR KINGSMAN, Providence, R. I.

Executive Committee.

SAMUEL ROWE, Boston, Mass.

JOHN S. SPOONER, PRINTER,
No. 251 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Life of Faith.

A beautiful life is the life of Faith;
Its source is above this mundane sphere;
It smiles at the gloom, which o'er shadows the tomb,
And seeks no continuing city here.

Its star beams aloft, and it shines so bright,
That pilgrims of earth on their hermit road,
Forget the dark night in its heavenly light
Which lures their feet to the throne of God.

And happy is he who with childlike trust,
Still follows its sweetly illuminating ray;
For the path of the just, oh! I know it must
Shine more and more to the perfect day.

Forever this eye, through the night of Time,
Shall steadily look to that cheering star;
For a holier clime, with its pleasures sublime,
Its beams reveal in the land afar.

I cherished the tenderest hopes below;
They perished and left me in grief and tears,
But taught me to know, of that eternal bow,
Whose hues fade not through eternal years.

Oh! earth were indeed a dark abode,
A desolate, dreary and lonesome home
Were there no pilgrim road, leading upward to
God,

No guiding star to the world to come.
'Tis true the believer must trace in pain,
The prints of his Savior's bleeding feet,
And consider again, and again, and again,
The lily's robe and the raven's meat.

Yet Faith is the life, by the Saviour's grace
The loveliest life for the soul to lead,
For his Righteousness is a glorious dress,
And the Bread of Life, it is meat indeed.

St. Louis Paper.

From Harper's Monthly.

ORDER VERSUS FORCE.

Order is an invisible power, to which men yield almost spontaneous obedience; while force creates antagonisms. Order moves to determinate ends with a silent efficiency that is marvellous in its combination of inharmonious things; force, on the other hand, sends a disturbing and an opposing element into all the agencies it seeks to control. And yet, where one man depends on order for the accomplishment of his purposes, three work—inadequately—by force. So it has been, and so it will continue to be until men learn to act from deliberate thought, and not from impulse.

A notable illustration of this difference between order and force occurred in one of our large manufacturing establishments where over two hundred men were em-

ployed. These men were under the superintendence of a foreman of the martinet species—an active, restless, driving little man, who was always flying about among them, and giving his orders in a short, imperative way, that annoyed where it did not hurt or offend. Such men are rarely able to create a system into which a number of persons may be combined in harmonious action. Their thought is not calm enough; they see not only in too narrow a circle, but see things from an ever-shifting stand-point. To-day one thing is magnified into an overshadowing importance, and to-morrow another thing. One rule is declared as imperative this week, and next week another. There is stringent exaction under the declared rule of to-day, and to-morrow its violations pass unnoticed.

In the case to which we have referred all respect for the foreman had ceased, though service was exacted through an ever-present force, exercised with the natural accompaniments of disorder and inadequacy. The owners of this establishment had for some time seen the evil of which we have spoken, and on several occasions pointed out to their foreman the lack of order and efficiency in the shops. In every instance the result of such intimation on the part of the owners was a new and more offensive application of the law of force, resulting in conflicts with sensitive or badly-disposed workmen, and the discharge of hands whose superior skill the establishment needed. At last, in one of this foreman's efforts to "put things right," he threw the whole hive of workmen into an angry swarm about his ears. The occasion gave fair opportunity for the choice of a successor.

The new man—selected with not a few misgivings on the part of the owners—did not, so far as looks were concerned, give much promise of efficiency. But he came so well recommended that it was deemed right to make a trial of his ability. He had a very quiet, almost heavy exterior; with a pair of eyes so calm and changeless in their expression that they gave no sign of his passing thoughts. His speech was slow; but when his words had adjusted themselves into a sentence every one was in its exact place, and the sentence had a meaning likely to be remembered. At first he seemed a weak man, but as you talked with him this impression gradually diminished.

On the first day of his administration the new foreman spent nearly the whole time in going through the shops, accompanied by one of the proprietors, examining the tools and machinery, the work in hand, the methods adopted in order to reach the most economical results, and in observation of the men. In person and manner he was so different from the old foreman that every one remarked the contrast. Used to the law of force, and not anticipating the exercise of any other law, he seemed a weakling in the eyes of most of these workmen.

"What do you think of him?" whispered John Burke, one of the most willful and unruly persons in the establishment, addressing the man alongside of him.

"A chicken!" was the contemptuous answer.

"I'll give him a week in the shops—not a day over," said Burke.

"We might finish him in three days." The foreman crossed the room at this moment, and stood at the bench where Burke was employed.

"May I look at that?" he said, reaching his hand for the article on which the man was at work. He spoke mildly, and in the tone of one asking a favor. But the article was not yielded to his request. A sullen pretence that it would be in danger of injury, in the state it happened to be, if it left his hand, was gruffly made.

"It's of no consequence," answered the foreman, without a sign of feeling in his voice, "I see what it is." Then, while yet standing alongside of Burke, he remarked to the principal, who was with him, "There is a quicker method for accomplishing the same result."

"Ah?" queried the principal.

"Yes. I will show it to you when we go down to the office. It will save ten per cent. in time and material, and give a neater article."

"You must introduce the improved method," said the principal, as they moved away from the bench at which Burke was sitting.

"I'd like to see him do it," remarked that individual, in an undertone, to his neighbor. "You catch his drift, don't you? Trying to make himself out something wonderful in boss's eyes. He knew a better way!"

"Them quiet, dull-looking chaps are mighty cunning sometimes. I've seen the likes before," replied the fellow-workman.

"So have I; but I'm not afraid of this one. He's not going to come it over me."

Not long afterward one of the clerks of the establishment was observed going round among the men with a small blank-book in his hand, asking questions and writing down the answers.

"What's the meaning of that?" asked Burke's companion, who first noted the circumstance.

Burke looked round, and seeing the young man engaged as we have said, left his seat, and was crossing the shop to personally investigate the affair, when the new foreman came in. Now, conscious that he was out of place, the man's first impulse was to affect some other errand and not go near the clerk; but contempt for the new foreman, and a determination to set him at defiance, pushed back this impulse, and with a self-possessed, familiar manner, he approached the clerk and asked,

"What's up, now?"

"I'm getting the names and residences of the men," replied the clerk.

By this time the foreman made one of the party. But he said nothing, only stood still and listened, and this without betraying a sign of disapprobation.

"What's the meaning of it?" demanded Burke.

"If you ask down stairs, maybe they'll inform you," answered the clerk, who was annoyed by the man's impertinence.

"I'd like to see you get my residence," muttered Burke, angrily, as he returned to his bench. "This is a new trick of the new man; but it isn't going to work with me. Where I live is my own business. All they've got to do with me is to pay me when my work is done. Outside of the shop I'm my own man, and so shall not submit to any of these impertinences."

"Where is your residence?" asked the clerk, soon afterward. He had made his way to that part of the shop where Burke's bench stood.

"That's my business," was gruffly answered.

The clerk made no remonstrance, but passed to the next man, saying,

"Where do you live?"

"That's my business," said this man, repeating Burke's insolent reply.

As in Burke's case so in this, the answer was taken as final. No opportunity was given to these non-conformists to make disturbance or excite a feeling of antagonism to the rule about being established.

Both were annoyed at this, and, at the same time, made conscious of a reserved power in the establishment, the silent force of which might be too strong for them. The clerk and the foreman left the room together, after getting all the residences of the workmen, with the two exceptions we have mentioned. Burke fully anticipated a second application as a sort of threatened finality; but the clerk did not ask for his residence a second time.

Of course he meant to flare up, and make a short speech to the shop on the outrage involved in the procedure, as if they were slaves to the proprietors, who must know the whereabouts of every individual in the shop or out. But the opportunity was not afforded. Still he was in a state of fermentation, and the froth must come over.

"Tom Willard!" he called, as soon as the foreman had left, turning from his bench and speaking to a man across the shop—"did you tell him where you lived?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"Well, I declare! What have they to do with that?"

"Did you?"

"Me? Not I! That's my business. I'm no slave in this establishment, to be looked after through all the twenty-four hours. I do my work and get my pay; beyond that, I give and take nothing. If it pleases me to sleep in a stable, or roost in a tree, the affair is my own. I'm astonished at you all!"

The door quietly opened and the foreman came in. Burke sat facing round, caught in the very act of working insubordination. He was no sneak, but a bold, out-and-out kind of a man, who enjoyed opposition. He did not resume his work immediately, but fixed his eyes defiantly on the foreman, with an invitation to strife. But he could not draw out the new man. The old one would have "pitched in," to use an expressive phrase, and given Burke an opportunity for a passage at arms before the men. But order and subordination were to come by a different way now. The foreman did not appear to notice this game-bird with his ruffled feathers, but moved round the shop in a quiet, self-possessed way, that had the effect gradually to draw off Burke's overcharge of bad temper.

The day closed and the men went home. On the next morning our new foreman was in the little office through which every man had to pass on his way to the shops, at least twenty minutes before seven o'clock, the hour at which work began. As the hour was striking, about a dozen of the two hundred men employed in the establishment passed through the office, each looking surprised at seeing the foreman so early on the spot. From that time up to half past seven the men came dropping in, singly or in groups, the same surprise at the foreman's presence in the office being manifested by each. It was just half past seven o'clock when Burke appeared.

The foreman remarked to him, in a quiet way,

"Let me say a word, if you please."

Burke stopped, frowned, and then moved to the desk where the foreman stood. The latter opened a small blank book, and dipped a pen in the inkstand. His manner was easy and altogether self-possessed. As he held the pen, ready to write, he said,

"With one or two exceptions we have the residences of all the men. Where do you live?"

"You have nothing to do with that," replied Burke, his face reddening.

"It is thought best to know where the men live," answered the foreman, without the slightest change in tone or manner.

"I regard such a rule as an insult to the men—as an interference with things in which you have no concern. We are no slaves!" The veins swelled into cords along the temples and over the forehead of Burke.

"No insult, nor interference in things about which we have no concern, is intended," calmly returned the foreman. "There is utility in the rule, and it applies to both employers and men."

"It won't apply to me," answered Burke, with angry vehemence.

The foreman shut the little blank book, laid aside his pen, and, without a sign of feeling turned from the excited workman, who stood for a while, chafing in thought, and then passed on to his place in the shop. He had just left the office when the other man who had refused to give his residence entered. A night's reflection had cooled his excited brain, and when the foreman said to him as he said to Burke, speaking kindly, yet like one in earnest, "With one or two exceptions we have the residences of all the men. Where do you live?" he gave the information desired unhesitatingly, and then, with a certain feeling of respect toward the foreman that was unaccountable to himself, he entered the shop.

"Did that chap ask where you lived as you came through the office?" queried Burke, as his fellow-workmen took his place beside him at the bench.

"Yes."

"You did n't tell him?"

"Yes."

"Ho! what a fool!"

"Did he ask you?"

"Yes," answered Burke.

"And you refused to tell?"

"Of course I did! It's none of his business where I live."

"What did he say?"

Burke shrugged his shoulders. Now that was just where the shoe was beginning to pinch. This say-nothing policy of the new foreman, whom no opposition seemed to move, was beginning to be felt as a mask of hidden power, against some movement of which he might possibly find himself too weak for resistance.

"O, he was dumb, of course. What could he say?"

"He might have said—"

"What?" The man had hesitated.

"That you were free to stay or go."

"Let him say it. I don't care! There are other shops in town."

But he did care, and the suggestion sobered him not a little, for he knew that workmen just then were in excess of work, and that so good a place was not likely to be obtained in a long time. He mouthed it bravely, however, for a while, and then became unusually silent and tentative to his work.

There was a perceptible change in all the shops. The fact that nearly every man had come in behind time, and that the new foreman was aware of it from personal observation, was an uneasy, self-rebuking consciousness in almost every mind, leading to silence and application. Work went on more rapidly than usual. A sphere of order and subordination, new in the establishment, prevailed. After all the men were in their places—the last man being over forty minutes behind time, the foreman took his round through the shops, and put himself into closer relation with the workmen. Some repelled him, some manifested indifference, a few were courteous. But he gave no sign of feeling, though all experienced a certain consciousness of power in his presence.

About eleven o'clock word came to Burke, that he was wanted in the office. The foreman was there alone, looking very placid. There was no sternness of brow, no evident marshaling of forces for a contest, no apparent disturbance.

"I wished to see you for a few moments," he said, as Burke came in, speaking pleasantly, and almost indifferently, as though the matter in hand were of but slight personal interest, "before referring the subject of which we talked this morning back to the firm. The requirement is theirs, and I understand them to be in earnest. I am as much bound, if I would hold my place, to see it executed as you are to conform to the rule. The law touches us equally. You refused to give the clerk your residence, yesterday, and I was instructed to obtain it this morning. As you will perceive, I have been in no haste to report your second refusal; but if you adhere to the stand taken, I am without discretion. The fact must be communicated, and then you will have to leave, for it will be thought much better to dispense with the services of one workman, however excellent, than to permit an out-and-out infringement of a rule."

The man blustered, used hard words, demanded explanations touching the new rule, and swaggered about feebly for a time—to all of which the foreman answered nothing. He might as well have beaten the air, for all the reaction obtained. The end was, a complete breaking down on the part of Burke, who, after giving his residence, went back to his work a subdued, and, may be, a wiser man.

As it was well-known throughout the establishment that seven o'clock was the hour when every man was expected to be at his work, the new foreman did not re-announce the rule. He had noticed the surprise shown by almost every man at finding him on the ground when he came, and he preferred waiting to see if punctuality would not follow through every man's self-compulsion. It turned out as he had anticipated. Instead of only a dozen workmen being in the shops at seven, over one hundred were at their places, and by fifteen minutes past seven the last lingerer was on hand. The quiet of different rooms was even more noticeable on this than on the preceding day; yet no one could have answered clearly, and to his own satisfaction, a question as to the real secret of the new foreman's power over the men, which was so remarkably apparent.

Sometime during the afternoon of this day, Burke, having finished the job in hand, was under the necessity of going to the new foreman, and receiving directions and materials for other work. In giving out the articles to be made, the foreman suggested a different process from the one he had seen used by the journeyman.

"I think my way best," answered Burke. His speech was not very amiable.

"Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," mildly returned the foreman.

Concluded on fourth page.

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST, 1862.

NOTICE.

The Fifth Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes will be held at
Portland, Maine,
On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 10th, 11th, and 12th, 1862.

A Hotel and Hall will be engaged for the occasion, and everything possible will be done for the comfort and convenience of those attending. Persons going to the Convention will pay full fares by either Railroad or Steamboat, and will be furnished after their arrival, with Free Return Tickets.

An Oration is expected from SAMUEL ROWE, Esq., of Boston, Mass., and addresses from several other well known gentlemen.

An Interpreter will be provided for the benefit of those hearing persons who may attend.

Further particulars will be furnished from time to time in the Guide, or they may be obtained by addressing a letter to the Committee of Arrangements.

Wm. SCOTT, CHAMBERLAIN,
South Reading, Mass.

Papers in New England please copy.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Our Subscribers, and others who owe us, will please take notice that all money must be sent to GEORGE HOMER, Post Office, Boston, Mass.

We are woefully behind time in the issue of this number of the Guide. Every one will think so on receiving it. Excuses are very generally out of place and seldom mend anything, and so, instead of boring our readers with excuses, we have, elsewhere, given them a special dispensation in the shape of reasons, which we shall send forth for what it is worth.

Some persons will say that there is no more difference between excuses and reasons, than there is between cider and apple juice; but we will not argue the case. The editors, superintendent and composing corps of the Guide, at the commencement of the annual vacation of the Asylum at Hartford,

"Folded their tents like Arabs,
And silently stole away."

One to "go to grass" that is, the country, not like Nebuchadnezzar of old, as a punishment for any wrong doing, but in search of health. He must have found it easily, or given up the search for a while as the last we heard of him, he was a dweller in Washington. We should think the air of a place, so thronged as Washington is just now, and savoring so strongly of politics, intrigues, blood and gunpowder would be hardly as salubrious as that of Minnesota, to which another of the corps went.

They left the "editorial boots" behind them, and although we had no sense of duty in the case, yet on being invited to do so, we put them on, not because we had any desire therefor, on account of the honor, dignity or emoluments supposed, by a sadly mistaken public, to be consequent upon the wearing of the aforesaid articles, but from a fear that if they remained unoccupied, they would some day rise up in judgment against us. And now that we have got into them, we intend, even though we find they pinch a little, and are afraid they squeak more, to wear them to the end of the year and do our best in our new capacity.

The July number of the Guide was not distributed as early as was desirable because the publisher at Hartford, instead of mailing the papers to subscribers, as he was bound to do by his agreement, sent the whole by express to Mr. Rowe in Boston, and left in haste for Minnesota. Mr. Rowe, as soon as possible, mailed the papers, and if he was somewhat behind time, must not be blamed.

The August number is behind time. Perhaps more so than the July number. The reasons are briefly these, viz: the former editors gave us such short notice of their resignation that there was not time to choose another editor and insert a notice to correspondents and friends, directing them where to send their favors and communications. Consequently, when the present editor entered upon his duties, he found no straws with which to make bricks.

It was a work of time to write to all correspondents and let them know of the change, and before we could do so, we must find out where the former editor had gone; then write him for the real names of his correspondents and wait his pleasure for an answer. To be brief, we think we may say, without being egotistic, that we have done well in issuing any paper at all this month.

As our biennial Convention is to be held at Portland, Me., on the 10th of

September, we shall delay the issue of the September number of the Guide until after the Convention has adjourned, and then give a full and particular account of its proceedings.

The types, forms, &c., which we advertise for sale are what we bought for the purpose of printing the Guide ourselves. By the kindness of the authorities at Hartford, we were enabled to establish an office there, which bid fair to prosper if we received all that was owing to us, as we could then pay all expenses, and have something left. The annual vacation rendered it necessary to print the Guide in Boston for the months of August and September, and the French leave taken of us by the Hartford publisher, together with the sudden resignation of both the editors, rendered it probable that we should find it neither convenient nor economical to return to the Asylum.

The materials we bought were paid for out of a fund which was built up from a liberal donation received by our Association from a well-known gentleman of Worcester, Mass. And we wish to get enough for them to replace what we took from that fund.

PERSONAL.

We lately had the pleasure of receiving a visit from our respected President, THOMAS BROWN, Esq., of West Henninger, N. H.

Mr. Brown, as our readers are aware, lost his wife, an estimable woman, as all who know her will testify, some months ago, and to relieve his depressed feelings as well as to recruit his health, which from long continued anxiety for and attendance on his deceased partner, was impaired, he left home for Martha's Vineyard, the native place of his wife.

The unbounded hospitality and devoted friendship which his wife's relations showed him, and the change of scene and climate were of especial use to him, and when he called on us, on his return home, where his presence was demanded by his hay-crop, his spirits were more elastic, and he was in better condition than we ever knew him to be before.

On July 4th, he assembled some twenty mutes, together with numerous hearing friends, and delivered an address appropriate to the occasion.

acted the part of teacher to a mute girl, who wrote on the blackboard what he said to her by signs; thus giving the hearing persons present an idea of how they teach deaf mutes at school. He says there are a great many mutes on the Island, both educated and uneducated, and that it is a great pity that some one cannot be found to go there at stated times and give them the benefit of religious exercises and instruction.

We expect a more full and particular account of his visit, from his own pen, for the September issue.

Dr. COLTON, of "Laughing Gas" notoriety, has been giving exhibitions at Tremont Temple. We attended one, during which, among other subjects, three deaf mutes inhaled the Gas. One, a lady of this city, danced very gracefully, and another, also a young lady, showed a taste for the same, although she evidently needed culture.

In the last subject, a young man from out of town, the gas developed fighting propensities which are lost to the country by reason of his being deaf and dumb. The only remarkable thing about him was that he used his heels instead of his fists, the fists themselves being engaged in making motions which resembled the once famous "syllabic alphabet" more than anything else. At any rate, we failed to understand them.

"BELLIGERENT NOTES" did not appear in the July Guide and do not appear in this number on account of the absence from Washington of "Philip." We are sure our readers will miss them, but must ask their patience till his return, when we hope he will resume them.

"The Record of the Rebellion" is also wanting in this issue for a similar reason.

We have made arrangements by which we hope to secure its continuance in future.

Our readers have noticed an advertisement in the Guide of a Pumpkin Fair, to be held in New York City, this fall. It reminded us of a lot of big pumpkins raised in 1861, by Mr. William Buxton, of South Danvers, Mass., from seeds obtained from the mammoth pumpkin which was growing in the Asylum garden at the time of the Convention of 1860. We do

not know the weight of the Asylum pumpkin, (perhaps some friend can inform us), but we saw and weighed those of Mr. Buxton. They weighed respectively 118, 105, 85, 80, 75, besides several smaller ones. If our memory is correct, they all grew on three vines. As he scattered his seeds far and wide, we may expect to hear of some big pumpkins among our mute friends and others this fall.

Accompanying the bundle which contained the July edition of the Guide, was a piece of paper, on which was written the following

EPITAPH.

"Here lies ye defunct body of a venerable sheet, ye Gallaudet Guide.

Requiescat in Pace."

We would respectfully inform the author, that although he may, officially speaking, be defunct, (dead) yet the Guide "still lives" and will live until we are convinced, by the non-receipt of sufficient money to pay expenses, that the enterprise is not appreciated.

We hope that all the persons who have written articles for the Guide under the administration of its former Editors will continue their favors. In fact we depend upon them for at least half of the matter with which the Guide is filled. If they should fail us we are afraid we should make out but poorly.

Any subscriber who fails to receive any number of his paper can have another copy by writing to Samuel Rowe, 5 Worcester Place, Boston, Mass., and telling him what number is wanted.

We (the Association) have on hand an assortment of types, rules, cases and other printing materials which is but little used, and which we wish to sell as circumstances have rendered the same of no use to us, although of considerable value. Any one desirous of buying, can learn particulars by addressing SAMUEL ROWE, 5 Worcester Place, Boston, Mass.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—G. W. H.—We should be glad to have you do your best in the matter of which you write. We will leave that especial department altogether with you. We cannot do it

We will make it all right with you.

"OCCASIONAL."—If you will send your bill to the Secretary of the Association, he will see that it is settled.

T. L. B.—Your request in regard to the lady you mention has been complied with. All right till the Convention meets.

PERSONAL.—Prof. Samuel B. Morse, of Telegraph celebrity, was in town on Sunday (10th) and, with his lady, who is a semi-mute, attended the services for deaf-mutes in Freeman Place Chapel. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet conducted the services with his usual ability, and preached a plain, practical sermon on the "Fruits of the Spirit."

We would call particular attention to the communication of P. It is a masterly production, and may give rise to some discussion on the subject. If any one pleases to take the matter up and disagree with P., our columns are open to articles of reasonable length and void of personalities.

We appeal to those of our subscribers who owe us to send us the money as soon as practicable, as we intend to make it a point of honor to carry on the Guide till December next. We can easily do so, if we get all the money that is owing to us.

We would call the attention of our readers to the Literary contents of the 4th page of this paper. It will be found to be of interest; we make it a point to render the 4th page as instructive as the 2d or 3d pages.

We will send, to any one, the Guide from August to December, for twenty-five cents in postage stamps, as we wish to circulate it and thereby prepare the way for a new volume in 1863, if possible.

Our readers will be glad to see that RAPHAEL PALETTE has resumed his "Tattlings." We hope some one will answer the question put by "Dutch Rocking Chair."

JOHN O. DAVID, of Amherst, N. H., has been in town for a few days past.

Exchanges will please notice the change in Editors and address accordingly.

TOUR OF LOCATION OF THE LANDS OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Performed by the late William Ely, Esq., of Hartford, Connecticut.

NUMBER SECOND.

WE proceed with the publication of a selection from the family letters of the distinguished gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article, which was commenced in the July Number of the "Guide."

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., APRIL 4, 1820.

How gladly, my dear wife, would I immediately quit this profligate country and fly to the bosom of my beloved family would duty permit. I am becoming almost as homesick as a boarding-school girl; and scarcely feel that I can make a journey still some hundred miles further from my loved ones, than I now am, as I must do to explore the country below, for which I expect to set out the beginning of next week; though, if my horse should not fail, I may return here again, before I make my final tour to the south part of the State.

As well as yourself, I have wondered how I could leave the comforts and enjoyments of home in pursuit of such an adventure as this. But having put my hand to the plough I must not look back; and I have the consolation to think, my dear wife, that while enduring privations and hardships, I am promoting the important interests of a most interesting charity.

CARROLLSVILLE, (120 MILES FROM HUNTSVILLE,) APRIL 20, 1820.

My dear Wife: I am now on my way down country to view some lands on the Black Warrior, and there being a post-office in the place, I write to inform you that I am still in fine health and doing everything in my power to despatch my business here in order that I may return as soon as possible consistently with the duty I owe that Institution whose important interests have been committed to my management. My horse was lame, which detained me at Huntsville longer than I should otherwise have remained there. I stopped six days in Jones's Valley, where I selected some lands, and succeeded in disposing of a few quarter sections, but it is slow work to sell here without making a great sacrifice.

I am weary with travelling over mountains, through swamps and mud, and living in the middle of piles of logs, with no other whidows than the large spaces between them, (there not being a pane of

Oh! how I long to return to a civilized and moral world. May Heaven support us during our painful separation and may our future enjoyments compensate in some measure for our present privations and trials. It is six weeks since the date of your last letter, which appears like so many months. Oh, how many and how various events may have happened in my family during that time, but they are all in the hands of a kind Providence, and I will hope that he is their shield and buckler and that his banner over them is love. Tell the children that I think of them every day, and long to see them, to be with and play with them, and kiss them. Tell them that the deer, rabbits and squirrels are thick in the woods, and caper about me, and that there are plenty of turkeys running wild—that the Sweet William is still in bloom in the woods with a great variety of other beautiful flowers, which continually remind me of my blossoms at home.

MAY 13, 1820.

My last was written from a place called Harden's Settlement, where I made a selection, after exploring the land, of 7½ Sections. Since then I have been down the country, about 82 miles below here, to a place called Chickasaw Bogue, which empties into the Tombigbee river. I stopped 17 miles below the mouth of the Black Warrior. I was much disappointed to find that I could not do any thing advantageously there, in consequence of the land not having been surveyed as I had reason to expect. I continued there three days, doctoring and recruiting my horse.

It rained more or less every day, and I was as unhappy as an enemy could wish. How many forebodings I have had respecting yourself and the beloved children. How many evils may have happened to you and them in the long space of time which has intervened since the date of the last letter from you, more than two months since. But I confidently trust there are three or four letters from you at Huntsville, which it has not been in my power to receive, as I could not direct where to send them, not knowing to what part of the country my researches after land might lead me. I am extremely impatient to return there that I may hear from you, but it is doubtful whether I shall be able to before the 1st of June.

You will expect that by this time, at least, I can name a time when I shall be able to leave this country, and nothing would make me happier than to set out immediately to return to the embrace of my much loved family. This, however, I cannot consistently do, nor can I for the time, and it grieves me to say that it cannot be until the month of July, on the most favorable calculation. Often do I reflect with pain on the many cares, trials and anxieties which you must necessarily ex-

perience in my absence, and would to Heaven that it had been consistent with duty for me to have prevented them. Do not repine, dear Clarissa. Heaven appears to have ordered and directed this business, and hitherto, to have smiled propitiously on my endeavors to promote the interest of a most interesting Institution, and let us trust that the same Power will continue to shield and preserve us all and permit us again to unite, with hearts dilated with gratitude for its many mercies.

Adieu, dear Wife, kiss our sweet children again and again for me; tell them how happy I should be to have their little arms entwined around my neck, to see how they have grown and what improvements they have made since I left them. Talk to them often about me, keep me alive in their memories, and tell them how I hope and long to see them all.

And that God may have you in his holy keeping is the constant and fervent prayer of your affectionate husband.

HUNTSVILLE, MAY 27, 1820.

It is impossible for me to describe my emotions on reading your six precious letters, the last being of the 27th ult. I have read them again and again, and tears fill my eyes at the anxious solicitude you feel for my safety and happiness. Do not suffer yourself to be made unhappy by the idea of my unreasonably exposing myself in the prosecution of my business. Be assured that I use all practicable precaution, and never estimated my life of more value either to myself or to the public than at present. I hope you will continue to support your credit for fortitude to the last, by being as happy as possible till I return.

JUNE 1.—My confident expectation has been realized by receiving your long, affectionate letter as late as the 7th May last. To know that yourself and our dear children were well and happy only twenty-four days ago was indeed occasion of joy. And, in fact, I have no joy in my pilgrimage but what is derived from your letters. As I am not able always to have all of them by me, I keep the last constantly in my pocket, which operates with more force than would all the bones and other appendages of all the saints named in the Roman Catholic calendar; in removing my pains of heart, mind and body.

HUNTSVILLE, JUNE 8, 1820.

My dear Clarissa: I am impatiently and anxiously waiting here for an answer from the Secretary of the Treasury to some of the several letters I have written him from this place, not having yet received any; and without which I know not how to proceed further on my business.

success of my mission; but whatever it may be, shall have the cordial satisfaction of knowing that all my exertions have been made with a single eye to the best interests of the Asylum.

HUNTSVILLE, JUNE 15, 1820.

My dear Wife: Another mail, which arrives but once in a week direct from Washington, has just arrived, and brought me no letter from the Secretary of the Treasury. You cannot conceive my impatience at the disappointment and consequent delay which I experience from not receiving any answer to my letters. Until I know that the Secretary approves the Selections I have made I cannot receive any money for a part of the land which I have conditionally sold, nor can I know how much remains yet to be selected, and such are the wants of the Institution that I cannot think of returning until I have made every reasonable exertion to relieve them. I have been waiting here already more than a fortnight in the confident hope of receiving an answer every mail, not knowing how to proceed without it.

How little Mr. Crawford appears to think of the interest of our important Institution. More than an excuse, a very good reason will be necessary to reconcile me to this, his apparent negligence. Without waiting longer, I intend to set out on my last tour to the southward, at least as far as Tuscaloosa, or Falls of the Black Warrior, and see what more I can do for the Asylum, before I receive advices from Washington.

You must not, therefore, expect to hear from me again for some time, as my business may call me where it will not be in my power to write, and you must not be anxious about me on that account.

I shall take every prudent precaution that I can, and trust that the kind Providence which has hitherto watched over me for good will not forsake while endeavoring to discharge those important duties assigned me.

CAHAWBA, JULY 22, 1820.

My dear Wife:—I wrote you a few lines from the Falls of the Cahawba River, about ten days ago, and sent it forty miles to a post-office by a private conveyance, to be forwarded to you from thence, by mail, but whether it will reach you is quite uncertain.

I have now the high satisfaction of informing you that I have completed my selections of lands for the Asylum. If Heaven permit, I intend to leave here tomorrow for the Falls of the Black Warrior, distant about ninety miles, where I impatiently expect to receive some more of your very precious letters. I may be detained there a few days to complete some unfinished business, after which I

shall proceed to Jones's Valley, and then to Huntsville. You cannot imagine with what joyful anticipation I look forward to the moment when I shall turn my back on this detested State and return to my own and my father's native land.

I long to see you and you are continually present to my mind. I was much pleased with your description of W-'s original and artless manner of expressing his affectionate recollection of me, by adorning my portrait with flowers, &c. Tell him his papa loves him dearly and hopes to see him before a great while.

TUSCALOOSA, FALLS OF BLACK WARRIOR, JULY 29, 1820.

Nothing but an imperative sense of duty to the Asylum detains, and sustains me here. It begins now to appear as if there would, before long, be an end to my toils, hardships, privations and dangers and that I may leave for home, by the way of Georgia, where I expect I must go to see Mr. Crawford, (Secretary of the Treasury), from whom I have not yet received any communication since I left Washington.

For the Guide.

John Smith on the Kentucky School for Mutes.

I have a bad (?) habit of visiting my low-salaried friend, John Smith, in the cool of the evening; for the "dead heat" of the day, if the truth must be told, keeps me in doors. On an occasion of that kind, recently, he showed me the last report of the Kentucky Institution for the years 1860 and 1861, and said that Mr. Jacobs, or rather the Trustees of that institution, has at last ignored the policy hitherto adopted of underpaying the mute teachers. "I refer to the gratifying fact as an occasion of rejoicing, and a ground of renewed hope for the welfare of this much abused class of educators," continued he. "In spite of the immense pressure brought to bear upon the Trustees of the Kentucky Institution by the enemies of equality, they are determined to stand by the rights and dignity of the mute instructor, by refusing to place him in the humiliating position of having to eke out his income, in the absence of other more lucrative situations. For this manly act, in defiance of the opposition of the P—s, the F—s, the M—s, the P—s, and others who would degrade their less favored associates to a level with the beasts of the field rather than extend to them the right hand of fellowship, they are determined to stand by the hearty thanks of all the educated mutes of the country. Mr. Jacobs, the principal, as I learn from the Treasurer's Report, gets \$1,000 a year; Mr. Cheek, the vice-principal, \$900; and Mr. Blount, a deaf-mute, the same as the vice-principal gets, mark you.

"I envy—I do not mind owning it—Mr. Blount his escape from the painful necessity of bowing down his head and swallowing his inherent pride, and drinking the cup of humiliation poured out by a P. Isn't he a fortunate man? eh, you dog!

"The teachers of most of the American Institutions, and some others, have erected a social system in which the half pay of mute teachers is held to be, in the words of a curious writer in the March number of the Guide, 'the only just principle of deaf-mute compensation, in its bearing on deaf-mute teachers, on other unemployed mutes, (!) and on the public.' (!!) More anon, of the writer quoted, by the way. Mr. Jacobs is not of their way of thinking; for he urges upon the Legislature the propriety of increasing the salaries of his teachers, in order to insure their permanent retention. He is too profound a philosopher by nature ever, for one minute, to think of reducing the salaries of his mute teachers again, the Guide writer to the contrary notwithstanding. Let the deaf-dumb world transmit Mr. Jacobs to an admiring posterity to be remembered forever, as the champion of deaf-mute equality. All hail, glorious Kentucky!

"I have noticed several communications in the Guide, signed CAROLUS, whom I take to be a deaf-dumb teacher in Mr. Jacob's school; and I accord to him the possession of a high order of intellect. His style is remarkable for its precision—a quality rarely noticed in mutes."

The moment my friend mentioned "Carolus," memory went back to the deaf editor, Mr. James G. George, to whose remarkable (for a mute) talents he had on frequent occasions called my attention, and I reminded him of Mr. George; upon which he thumped on the table with his clenched fist, and exclaimed:

"I have it from Mr. George's lips, that he agrees with me that 'the discrimination in favor of the speaking teachers, considering the amount of labor performed and the real benefit conferred upon the pupils by the mute and speaking teachers respectively is an unjust and outrageous assumption of superiority not warranted by facts and results.' I quote his own words, and the italics are his.

"But to recur to the report of Mr. Jacob's school," said he. "The most interesting feature of the report is the list

* Thackeray's Book of Snobs.

of diseases producing deafness. As a specimen of the manner in which this portion of the subject is treated, I subjoin the summary of the causes of deafness in fifty cases that occurred during infancy or childhood: "Eleven lost hearing by scarlet fever; six, by risings in the ears; two, by risings in the head; one, by dropsy in the head; three, by a fit, two, by spasms; one, by a fall or from worms; three, by fever; one, by disease not ascertained; one, by measles; one, by cold in the head; one, by congestive fever; one, from sore head too rapidly healed; two, by inflammation of the brain; one, by putrid fever; one, by a stroke of lightning; one, by sickness not specified; one, by cold and running at the ears; one, cause unknown."

"In connection with this portion of the report, I find the following recorded: 'One lost his hearing, speech, and sight, at two years of age, by an overdose of morphine, administered by a quack doctor; recovered sight and hearing gradually; mind also injured, but now recovering itself, also, gradually. This lad, when brought to the Institution, was an imbecile. His improvement, however, has been about one-half that of one of the same age of ordinary mind. He is very ambitious to learn, has great energy of character, and will ultimately obtain an education that will place him nearly on a level with ordinary educated mutes. Another lost hearing suddenly at two and a half years old, without known cause.'

"The too common marriage of first cousins is the principal theme of Mr. Jacobs' report, in which it is stated that from ten to twenty per cent. of the mutes under his care, are the children of first cousins. It is incumbent on the Legislature of Kentucky, before everything else, to pass a law prohibiting the marriage of blood-relatives; the law to be accompanied by a notification of the penalties thereby incurred. I yield to no one in warmth of admiration for Mr. Jacobs' devotion to the reform system of mental and moral management of the deaf-dumb."

"Let me afflict you, my dear friend, with a short dissertation on the pretty conceits of the *Guide* writer before mentioned. One or two writers have refuted his arguments, which, by the way, sound like footing up the sum of the mute teacher's deserts, and reckoning units as tens in a case where pay and board are concerned. He is a professor, so called, in one of our oldest Asylums for mutes—he claims to be 'highly educated,' one who 'has carried his education forward from the point where deaf-mutes usually terminate theirs by a protracted and expensive course of academic and collegiate study;' but he cannot write a number of sentences without tumbling into a blunder, as for instance: 'This, for brevity, I shall hereafter designate the fair deaf-mute's salary.' See paragraph the third. The word italicized should be for brevity's sake. Again, 'Everything calculated to increase a suspicious and discontented spirit among deaf mutes is to be regretted, as tending to alienate their friends, to sour their own dispositions, and to impair their usefulness.' Generate a suspicious and discontented spirit in deaf mutes, would have been far better."

"Look round at the whole body of the deaf teachers in our country, and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of satisfaction with the half pay policy adopted in those schools in which they are employed. I beg that the professor will bear in mind that the disuse of underwork is now practically the rule in the Kentucky, Missouri and Columbia schools. It, then, avails nothing to say that deaf-mutes, as such, are entitled to what he calls 'the fair deaf-mute salary,' meaning half pay. Is he aware that in Canada both hearing and deaf teachers are paid on equal terms? The salary paid to the latter is not 'the fair deaf-mute's salary,' but much more, perhaps, than the Professor receives. Peculiarly, the deaf teachers in France are equals to an extent unknown in America. Mr. George says, in as many words, that he, poor mute as he is, received 'the highest salary of any of the assistants in the Missouri Institution at Fulton.' The Trustees of one of our schools for mutes remarked, and I think, justly, that they could easily employ hearing men as teachers at a salary of five hundred dollars a year each. Many an editor, I know, would be glad to teach the deaf-dumb for \$500 a year. I recollect seeing it stated in the *Schoolmaster* of a recent date, that as many as nine hundred speaking men rushed, pell-mell, into the office of a school director in New Hampshire, eager to accept a situation as a teacher with a salary of \$500 a year."

"But enough of this. The policy of under-working deaf mutes, as far as I have observed, has been one of the most important agents in making their speaking associates lose their citizen character and acquire an exclusive and repulsive classification, as well as in sowing dissatisfaction among the deaf-dumb. Equal pay is the only cry to which attention should be paid."

My friend is by no means blind to the shifts by which the Professor endeavors to prevent the exaggeration of "fair deaf-mute salaries" from being discovered. It must be a strange notion many speaking teachers have of their obligations to their less fortunate fellow-beings, willing and ready to lend them money, yet averse to their being placed on an equal footing with themselves, and thereby saved the necessity of borrowing money before payday. THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

BELIEF IN GOD INNATE.

Some eight pages of the last Annual Report of the American Asylum are devoted to the subject, "Have the deaf and dumb, previous to entering schools for their instruction, either as innate, or as the result of unassisted reasoning, any idea of a Supreme Being?"

The testimony of every instructor of deaf-mutes, who has turned his attention to the subject, is in the negative. The names of such experienced instructors and eminent theologians as Messrs. Gallaudet, Weld, Peet, Hutton and Turner are certainly well calculated to silence one disposed to dispute the correctness of their conclusions or the authenticity of their data.

Whilst admitting the correctness of their conclusions to a certain extent, the belief is still forced upon us that their data are not sufficient to justify the sweeping assertion that man is by nature an atheist. We do not profess to be versed in physiology, metaphysics, or theology, and we have never, till now, had our attention particularly called to the subject of "innate conceptions"; our theory, however, such as it is, may be worth considering.

We believe, then, that belief in God is an innate property of the human mind. This belief may continue in a latent state, like heat or matter imperceptible to the senses.

Take a piece of coal or iron and subject it to combustion or friction and heat will invariably be developed. Must we infer that, since the piece of coal or iron has never been previously subjected to the process, heat is not latent in it?

Religious sentiments are as natural to and as firmly grounded in the human soul as the less elevated sentiments above mere animal instincts. Said Napoleon at St. Helena: "The virtuous man never doubts of the existence of God; for if his reason does not suffice to comprehend it, the instinct of his soul adopts the belief. Every intimate feeling of the soul is in sympathy with the sentiments of religion." Let a deaf-mute or any other person be made to exist through childhood and youth like a brute beast, and then let him be educated. The thousand and one refined sentiments of the soul will spring spontaneously into action. He will feel self-respect, not because he has drawn a series of logical conclusions to prove himself an object worthy of respect, but because it is his nature. He feels respect, gratitude, love, admiration, &c., without previously perplexing his brain with whys and wherefores. He takes delight in harmony and beauty without theorizing upon them.

As the powers of the mind are developed, the refined and lofty instincts of the soul are developed with them, until we come to the loftiest and most refined which the soul of man is capable of—the spontaneous, unreasoning worship of the Deity.

No one will deny that all the higher attributes of the human soul must be educated, so to speak, in order to develop them, even as the grosser animal instincts must be educated before their effects are perceptible. Ambition is certainly one of the natural attributes of the soul, and it cannot be denied that man is capable of originating ambitious thoughts: when we look inward we are conscious of a desire to surpass our fellows; yet a man's ambition may not be excited for a long period sufficiently to furnish his memory with tangible grounds for saying that he had any ambitious thoughts during that time. A deaf-mute, emerging from the semi-bestial condition in which some are found cannot testify that he has ever felt ambitious; and for the same reasons he cannot say that he ever had any idea of a Superior Being—the simple reason being that his veneration, as in the case of his ambition, has never been sufficiently trained and directed by his mental faculties to make his memory retain anything of it.

Deaf mutes, when instructed concerning God and his attributes, never manifest irregularity, and seldom great surprise. This is not blind confidence in what is told them by those whom they think wiser than themselves, for when told that the earth is round, and that it revolves around the sun, they often exhibit stubborn disbelief. But should we, after developing their reasoning powers and giving them language, a vehicle in which to reason, attempt to convince them of the non-existence of God, would they be as docile?

In brief, we believe that uneducated deaf-mutes, in common with all men, have an innate consciousness of the existence of a Superior Being. After being educated they have no recollection of having had such consciousness, because the question of the existence or non-existence of such a Being has never been presented to their clouded intellects with sufficient force to make a definite impression on the memory. P.

We reprint, by request, the Constitution of the "New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes," as it stands to-day. It needs amending and revising in many places, and those who intend to be present at the Convention in Portland, will please examine it and get their amendments and alterations ready.—[Ed.]

PREAMBLE.

We, deaf mutes, desirous of forming a society in order to promote the intellectual, social, moral, temporal and spiritual welfare of our mute community, do pledge ourselves to be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—NAME OF THE SOCIETY. The Society shall be called "The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes."

ARTICLE II.—ITS OBJECT.

The object of the Association shall be the promotion of the general welfare of the mute community.

ARTICLE III.—GOVERNMENT.

SEC. 1. The officers of the Society shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Manager from each State in New England: these shall constitute a Board of Managers, three of whom shall be a quorum for transacting business.

SEC. 2. At the regular meetings of the Society, the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, shall be chosen, on the plurality principle, by the members at large.

SEC. 3. Each State Manager shall be chosen by the members of his own State, on the plurality principle.

ARTICLE IV.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. It shall be the duty of the President at the stated meetings of the Board, with the advice and consent of the Managers, to appoint such agents as shall be deemed necessary to sustain the concerns of the Society.

SEC. 2. The President shall call and preside in all meetings of the Board and Society. Whenever there is an equal division on any question, he shall give his casting vote. He shall enforce the due observance of the Constitution, direct the Secretary to call the meetings of the Board and Society, and perform such other duties as pertain to his office. He shall also have power to make such rules as may be deemed necessary to preserve order.

SEC. 3. The Vice-President shall preside in all meetings in the absence of the President, and in case of his death or removal from New England, shall perform all his duties till another President is chosen.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of all the proceedings of the Board and Society, to keep a full list of members, life members and honorary members, to be the organ of communication with other deaf mutes, and hearing persons who may feel an interest in the enterprise, and to perform any other duties which the Board may assign.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all subscriptions, donations or other property; to keep a minute account of all the money he receives, and give receipts for the same; to make a report to the Society at the meeting, and to attend to any other duties which the Board may direct. He is to be bound with good security in a reasonable sum to be determined by the Board, to the faithful discharge of his duty, and shall pay no bills unless directed by the Board.

SEC. 6. The Managers shall collect funds in their respective states, and pay over the same to the Treasurer, with the names, residence, age, occupation, and place of birth of the donors. They shall have the general charge of the affairs of the Society, and power to fill any vacancies which may occur in their number, or in the officers of the Society, till the next election; and in case of the absence of both President and Vice-President at any meeting of the Board or Society, the senior Manager present shall preside.

SEC. 7. The Manager of each state is to be authorized to direct mute agents in different places to solicit funds, to be forwarded to said Manager, who is to pay over the same to the Treasurer.

ARTICLE V.—MEETINGS.

SEC. 1. The Board of Managers shall meet once or twice in a year, to examine statements from the Secretary, Treasurer, and other officers, and give counsel in regard to whatever may be required to promote the interest of the Society.

SEC. 2. The Society is to meet not oftener than once a year, at such time and place in New England as the Board may appoint, any time between the middle of August and last of February, to examine the reports of the Board and transact other necessary business.

ARTICLE VI.—MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1. Any male mute may become a member of this Society by payment of one dollar, and any female mute by paying fifty cents, per annum; and any mute person by paying ten dollars at any one time shall be a life member. Every one shall receive a certificate of membership and a copy of the Constitution from some one of the managers, and shall be entitled to one copy for the year of such newspaper or periodical as may be published.

SEC. 2. Such as are only deaf or have never been in any institution for deaf mutes, and also graduates in foreign schools, may be admitted by paying the membership fee.

SEC. 3. No deaf mute shall enjoy the privileges of membership, nor shall any male mute be entitled to vote or hold any office without paying the membership fee; always allowing them to sit in convention and witness any oration, address, or lecture.

ARTICLE VII.—QUORUM.

At all meetings of the Society, twelve members present shall constitute a quorum

to proceed to business, and every meeting may be opened with religious service.

ARTICLE VIII.—DUTY OF MEMBERS.

It shall be the duty of every member to use all fair means to secure the desirable objects of the Society.

ARTICLE IX.—SOCIETY ORGAN.

The contemplated newspaper or periodical shall be called "The Gallaudet Guide, and Deaf-Mute's Companion."

ARTICLE X.—SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Any hearing person, feeling an interest in this enterprise, can take a copy or more of such newspaper or periodical as may be published, by sending the subscription price to the Treasurer of the Association.

ARTICLE XI.—TERM OF OFFICE.

All officers of the Association shall be residents of New England, and shall be elected for a term of two years, commencing the first Thursday in September, and shall hold their offices until others be elected.

ARTICLE XII.—AMENDMENTS.

Except the first article, any amendment may be made in this Constitution by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any meeting of the Society.

DIED.

In Greenwich (Ct.), Sunday, May 18th, Mr. GIDEON SANFORD, late of Brooklyn, L. I., and formerly of Hartford, Ct., aged 66 years.

He was a thoroughly holy man. He was an every-day Christian. His religion entered into all he did. It was with him at home, in his place of business, in his conversation. No one could talk with him, even for a few minutes, without feeling that he was ruled by the highest Christian principle. While health and strength remained, his place in church or in the weekly prayer meeting was never vacant. He loved to hear of a good work anywhere and especially of seriousness among the young. He had been a professed follower of the Savior for 34 years, having professed religion under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Linsley, and the same faithful pastor ministered to him in his last days, and laid him down to the Christian rest, and bore such testimony as any pastor would be glad to render to the consistent holiness of his life. His last dying words were, 'Let us go to Jesus, let us bow before him.'—Independent.

Mr. Sanford was for many years overseer of the cabinet-maker's shop in the American Asylum.—(Ed.)

DEATH OF HON. RUELL WILLIAMS OF MAINE.—We learn that a private despatch received in this city announces the death of Hon. Ruell Williams, of Augusta, Maine. For many years the deceased bore a conspicuous position, and exerted a wide influence in his native State. He was born in Augusta, June 2, 1784. For several years he was a member of the Legislature. He was United States Senator from 1837 to 1848.

From the Boston Herald.

The Churches and Clergymen of Boston.

THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

The Church of the Disciples, worshipping in Indiana Place, was organized in 1841. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the present pastor, was also the first. The Society for a time worshipped in Amory Hall and the Masonic Temple, and afterwards erected the Chapel in Freeman Place, from which they removed in 1850 to that now occupied in Indiana Place.

At the organization the following Declaration of Faith and Purpose was unanimously adopted as the basis of the church.

"We whose names are subscribed, unite together in the following faith and purpose: Our faith is in Jesus, as the Christ, the Son of God. And we hereby form ourselves into a Church of his Disciples, that we may cooperate together in the study and practice of Christianity."

The following principles were accepted by the church as indicating, generally its purpose and intention.

1. *Disciples.* The name "Disciples" was chosen, as indicating their wish to become scholars in the school of Christ, not to dogmatize, but to learn—not to profess a creed, but to study together, with the guidance of Jesus, in order to learn his truth.

2. *Church Union.* They united as a church not as a congregation with a religious basis and no other. The object was to have a single organization, and that a religious one. There is consequently no organized society or congregation outside the church. There is no body of pew owners: the whole building, with its pews, is the property of the church, and the pews are all free, none being sold or rented. The church includes all who sign their name to the above "Declaration," according to the constitution. It includes those of different religious opinion, and all old and young, men and women, white and colored, have a right to speak and vote in all meetings of the church on all subjects which come before it.

3. *The Social Principle.* This church has for twenty years observed social meetings for mutual study, worship and Christian work. It has been to some extent a religious family or home. Frequent meetings are held in it for prayer and conference, for benevolent action, for the investigation of all questions of religion, morals and life. Without being

pledged as a church to any particular theory, the majority of the members have always been opposed to slavery. They published a tract in 1842 against this system.

4. *Congregational Worship.* The worship of this church is eminently Congregational, all the members taking part in it. Printed Litanyes and Psalms are read and responded to by the congregation. The singing has always been by the congregation, without a choir, and for many years without an organ. Silent Prayer has always formed a part of the worship.

5. *Voluntary Principle.* The expenses of the church have always been defrayed by an annual subscription. No seats are sold or taxed—but at the commencement of the year, each person, worshipping in the church, subscribes for the year whatever he can afford. One advantage is that no one owing a pew, no one is detained against his will, when he does not find edification, by the fact of having a pew. Any one who is dissatisfied with the church or the minister finds the door opening as easily outward as inward, and has only to depart in peace. Consequently the church has been free from inward agitation and disturbance.

Organization. In 1844 the church adopted a Service and Hymn Book, which is still used. In the same year, Articles of Organization were adopted. By these, committees are chosen, at an annual meeting, called "Pastoral committee," "Finance Committee," "Committee on Benevolent Action," "Committee on Music," and "Committee on the Young." The church holds a morning service on Sunday, an afternoon service for the Communion on the first Sunday in the month—a Sunday School on Sunday afternoon—a Social Meeting in the vestry every Wednesday evening, except during the Summer, and other meetings as occasion arises.

History. In 1845, between fifteen and twenty of the church seceded from it, in consequence of an exchange between the pastor and Rev. Theodore Parker, at that time a member of the Boston Association. The seceders, with others, formed a new church, called the Church of the Savior, between which and the Church of the Disciples cordial and friendly relations have always existed.

In 1847, Mr. Samuel Cabot, a member of the church, offered to give \$5000 toward the erection of a chapel. In consequence the Chapel in Freeman Place was built, but afterwards sold, and the present Chapel in Indiana place purchased in its place.

The number of church members at the present time who are actively connected with the church is about 150. Among them is the present Governor of the Commonwealth, who has been a useful and beloved member of this church for more than twenty years.

The Sunday School contains about 100 pupils, and teachers. The superintendent is Captain Edward Hooper, (now on Gen. Saxton's staff in South Carolina,) who, with two or three other members of the church, went to Beaufort to aid in teaching the negroes on those islands.

The chapel in Freeman Place, mentioned in the above sketch, is the one in which Rev. Mr. Gallaudet at present holds the services for deaf-mutes. It is well known that he contemplates the organization of a church for deaf-mutes in Boston. His services are well attended, and if the deaf-mutes of the city and vicinity were united,—which unfortunately they are not,—we should have more hopes of his success.—[Ed.]

From the Manchester, (Eng.) Courier.

DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL.

AT MANCHESTER, ENG.

The interesting annual examination of the pupils in this excellent institution took place at Old Trafford, on the 18th ult.

The examination of the pupils was conducted by Mr. A. Patterson, the head master, assisted by Messrs. Goodwin, Hogg, and J. Patterson. A school examination is generally an agreeable matter. The exception is when there occurs a suspicion of "craming." Such was not the case here, and additional interest was imparted by the difficulty of instructing pupils who lack the facilities of hearing and speech. No one would have inferred such a want from their exceedingly intelligent and happy countenances: brighter eyes and healthier cheeks we have seldom seen. Mr. Ernest Reuss, the liberal and kind and indefatigable friend of this institution, remarked on this happy feature of the children's health, as evincing equal care in their physical, moral, and mental training. There was only one invalid in the school.

The boys and girls were ranged on opposite sides of the platform, and were called up class by class, beginning with the lowest. The examination was of course performed by writing and with signs. The teachers have acquired wonderful facility in writing their questions in a bold and fair hand, and they were fairly imitated by their pupils.

The first class (twelve month scholars) were exercised with their verbs, and the next class wrote descriptions of a domestic picture. The writing of both boys and girls was good, and the orthography generally just according to the dictionary standard. We only noticed one or two errors, and those were slight ones. Their

good spelling is to be accounted for by their sharp and retentive powers of observation. Spelling is a matter of eye memory.

Children who had been nearly two years in the school were next examined. One of the girls, who was admitted last year, showed high proficiency in her studies, and all evinced that inimitable smartness which is never found in the absence of good training. Questions followed, such as "What is cotton?" and one of the answers was "A plant that was much grown in the United States." This reply showed an acquaintance with transatlantic events that would hardly have been expected.

Arithmetic succeeded, and was followed by Scripture questions, the answers to which were written down on the vertical slates without hesitation, and by those of nervous temperaments with amazing rapidity and energy. One boy wrote the following description of the Ark. "It was made of Gopher wood, pitched within and without. It was about 540 feet long, 90 feet wide and 47 feet high, and had three floors or stories." The written replies to other questions, as "Who was Jacob, Joseph? &c." were prompt and correct.

The teacher of the fourth-year class was referred to as a remarkable person, having been connected with the school, as a scholar and teacher, for 20 years. A boy in this class wrote the following account of the childhood of Christ: "When he was twelve years of age, he and his parents went to Jerusalem, and when his parents missed him they sought him in vain for three days, but at last found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. All those who heard him were astonished at his understanding. When his mother bade him return with his parents he was obedient unto them." This and other answers received merited applause.

Another boy described the danger which threatened the life of the infant Jesus: and a girl related thus the circumstances of the Saviour's nativity: "He was born in a stable at Bethlehem, and laid in a manger. Shepherds who were watching their flocks saw a great light, and suddenly heard a multitude of angels singing and giving glory to God because our Saviour was born. The shepherds were sent by the angels to Bethlehem, where they found the infant Jesus lying in a manger, and they worshipped him."

A lad possessing wonderful calculating power was next tested. One of the spectators suggested the question: "In 1,240,963 years, how many seconds?"—not an easy question to work mentally in a room containing one or two hundred persons. The little fellow took the chalk, and assisted only by an apparent counting with the fingers not very noticeable, jotted down figure after figure with steady perseverance, until in a few minutes he brought out the result as follows: 39,161,813,968,860 subsequently proving his answer to be correct. Mr. Reuss gave the lad a friendly smile and shake of the hand as he passed across the platform, and of course he got a round of applause.

The highest class, consisting chiefly of boys who had been five years in the institution, was next called up, and exercised first with such questions as "Who is the Prince of Wales?" "Albert Edward, the eldest son of our beloved Queen," was the quick response, with the hopeful addition by another boy of "the heir apparent to the throne." "Who was the first Prince of Wales?" was thus answered, "Edward the Second, surnamed Carnarvon." "Why was Edward the Second crowned Prince of Wales?" "Because he was born in Wales, after it had been taken possession of by his father, Edward." And so on, the questions being pertinent, and the replies satisfactory. Short biographies were also written of Wellington and Nelson.

In answer to the question whether success had attended any efforts to teach the pupils articulation, Mr. Patterson brought forward a genteel youth who tried to repeat the Lord's Prayer and a sentence on the slate. Some words were tolerably distinct. Mr. Patterson said that all deaf mutes might be taught to speak more or less distinctly, the success being generally in proportion to the degree of hearing they possessed; but it was not pleasant for speaker or hearer, and the pupils liked better to converse by means of their accustomed manual alphabet.

After the public examination of the upper school, many of the visitors proceeded to the infants' school, where the method of instruction was described to them.

During the proceedings, the chairman, paid a high and deserved compliment to Mr. Patterson, for his able conduct of the school.

A TASTE FOR READING.—Sir John Herschel has declared, that if he were to ask for a taste which should stand him in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to him through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon him, it would be a taste for good and useful reading. Give a man, he affirms, this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you cannot fail of making him good and happy; for you bring him in contact with the best society in all ages, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest men who have adorned humanity, making him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all times, and giving him practical proof that the world has been created for him, for his solace, and for his enjoyment.

foreman. And then, with particularity, he explained the new method and its advantages, adding, as he closed,

"Be careful in turning the edge, at the joint, inside instead of outside." Indicating by this remark that he expected his process to be strictly followed.

Burke answered neither yea nor nay, though he was trembling inwardly with excitement. The foreman's complete self-possession annoyed him, and he was the more annoyed because conscious of no power to disturb this equitable frame by passionate reaction.

Returning to his bench, he sat moodily thoughtful for several minutes before commencing his work. He could not bear to yield this point, which touched his pride as a workman; and then, like most workmen who have become used to certain ways of doing things, all changes are annoying. The worst of the case was a giving up to this new foreman, whom he had threatened to drive out of the establishment in less than a week. Passion never leaves the judgment very clear. In his mental obscurity, Burke resolved not to proceed by the new method which the foreman had given, but to continue in the old way. So he commenced putting the material together, some two hours passed and then the foreman stood beside his bench. Not a word was spoken. Burke almost held his breath, awaiting a remark. But the foreman moved to the next man, and gave some brief direction, then crossed to another part of the shop.

Burke felt uneasy. The old foreman would have spoken out sharply at seeing an order disregarded, and there would have been a stormy altercation, and most probably a triumph on the workman's part. But silence is mysterious, and suggests hidden power. Two or three times during the day, the foreman stood at his bench, but made no remark, although the deviations from his orders were apparent at a glance, and Burke knew that he saw them. Six o'clock came, and the workmen dispersed to their homes. The man least satisfied with himself was Burke. Like him, all the rest had felt the presence of a superior influence in the shops silently operating, but only he stood face to face with that power in open resistance. If he could have measured its capacity; if he could have drawn it out from its intrenchments, and surveyed it upon all sides, he would have felt more assured in himself. But conscious ignorance in this direction, gave conscious weakness.

Promptly at seven on the next morning Burke presented himself. He was ten minutes behind time on the previous day. The foreman stood at his desk in the little office. It was remarkable how hugely respect for this individual had grown in the workman's mind. "Mr Burke," the voice was kind, but firm. Burke stopped, and tried to frown.

"I wish to say a word to you." He came to the desk.

"You are too sensible a man, not to know that order and subordination are necessary to the right conduct of any business." The foreman looked steadily into the workman's eyes, but with no intimidating aspect. "In this establishment I have certain duties, and you have certain duties, and on the faithful performance of these, its efficiency depends. One thing is certain—I shall do my part; but not in a way to offend, or wrong any man. If any one is offended, it will be through his own assault upon law and order, which is always the superior force, and his assault can harm only himself. You have begun the assault, but it has not hurt or disturbed me, because law and order are all on my side. Now my friend, it would be easy for me to say, that, in consequence of your deliberate violation of instructions yesterday, you must leave the shop, or you must throw aside the work done, and be charged with the material spoiled, a matter of three or four dollars. And doubtless, if either decision were laid before your fellow-workmen for approval, or rejection the verdict would be against you. But I will not deal with you peremptorily. You shall have time for deliberation. Go on, and complete this job in your old way, and then consider yourself at full liberty to retire from the shop, or accept me as foreman without reservation. I understand my position entirely. It admits of no controversy with you, or any one else in the establishment. If you make controversy, it will be with a just order, to which I will all the rest, must come under obedience; and I need not tell you that in such a contest, you will be beaten."

"I think it most likely," answered Burke, in a frank tone, his whole demeanor changing. "To tell the truth, you are not the man I took you to be. Heretofore we've had the law of push and drive in this shop, and one half the men sat at their benches with ruffled feathers, from morning till night, ready for a set-to with the foreman, and determined to have their way, to the last possible thing. But if we are to have the law of order, why, it's give up and come down to it. That's the best kind of law, and irritates no one. So here's my hand to it, and you'll find John Burke always on duty at roll-call!"

And grasping the foreman's hand, he shook it warmly, adding,

"If you'd been a different man, it might have been worse for me. But depend on't, I shall never forget your forbearance and consideration to a blind fool, who was in the act of throwing himself against a stone wall!"

Burke went to his place, wholly conquered. To the law of force, he had always been in open warfare, and the leader of insubordination in the shop; but to the

law of order, he bowed in complete submission.

Our story gives no striking positions, or dramatic climaxes; but to every thoughtful reader, it will suggest a most important truth, applicable to all relations in life, where one mind is called to the duty of acting upon, and controlling other minds. Order, as we said at the commencement, is an invisible power, to which almost spontaneous obedience is given; while force is sure to create antagonism. We see this in work-shops, schools, families, everywhere. If you would proceed harmoniously to your ends, first establish order, binding yourself thereby as rigidly as you bind others, and results will come out with an almost unerring precision. But if you trust to anger and force, alas for the baffling winds that will be forever driving you seaward! The smiling heaven of your hopes will never be reached.

From the New York Ledger.

Our Country's Call.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The ride and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!

To where the blood-stream blots the green,
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

No! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arms that lay the panther low.

And ye that breast the mountain storm
In grassy steep or Highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own grey cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank, and borne
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upstern.

And ye who throng beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barques that swim
A helpless wreck against the shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won this fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

For the Guide.

THE TATTILER.

LETTER XXI.

MR. EDITOR:—In compliance with your request, I shall resume my contributions to the *Guide*. As to the title of my letters, I turned to my bosom friend, the *Dutch Rocking Chair*, and consulted him. "The Tattiler," answered the portly Chair.

"The Tattiler again?"

"Yes."

"Well," cried the Tattiler, "What subject shall I write about in this letter?"

"Flournoy and Bucephalus," answered the Chair, winking at me.

"Confound F. and B.," replied the Tattiler, thoroughly disgusted with the proposed subject. "They are still at the North West corner of F's plantation, where he, by reason of his misfortune, has been allowed to gather corn—not cotton, I am sure,—instead of cutting the Yankees' throats."

"Well, my good Tattiler, pitch into Senex again," suggested D. R. C.

"I have pitched into him to my satisfaction, and he into me to his satisfaction, and has gone to *Boothia* to feast on ice-cream. I envy him. Think Mr. Chair, how cool that distant region must be in these hot days!"

"Perhaps he may now feel inclined to measure lances once more with you."

"Though I have not the least desire to renew our controversy about Ham, the Deluge, &c., I would be very glad to read his letters in the *Guide* about 'Life in the Far West,' for which he has abundant materials on hand. He's a vigorous writer; his style is admirable and it al-

ways gives us pleasure to read any thing he writes."

"Tell us about the war," broke in D. R. C.

"I am mortally tired of this horrible war. Have no relish for the task. The 'Belligerent Notes' are excellent, and I trust *Philp* will continue his contributions under that heading."

"Perhaps Agriculture may be a more agreeable subject for your letters," insinuated D. R. C.

I looked the Dutch Rocking Chair in the face, to see whether he jested or not; scanned his eyes—methought I detected the devil therein. I write about agriculture of which I know nothing!

Mr. Editor, you have read J. R. B.'s excellent letters on the same subject. He handles the plow and I my brushes. He milks his cows and I mix my colors. True, he is remarkably capable of grasping and treating every subject that may attract his eyes. No doubt he knows nothing about the artist's colors, but he can distinguish fruits, berries and vegetables by their forms and colors, and picture them in the columns of the *Guide*.

As I have said, I looked hard at D. R. C. and thought I saw mischief rolling in his eyes.

"Pardon, pardon," apologized the Chair, in the easiest manner imaginable. "Egad, I know you are not a farmer, but I believe you can bask rails as was suggested by the compositor setting in type *baking* instead of *barking*." Here I saw the imp throwing back somersets in the Dutch Rocking Chair's eyes. "Oh, I forgot J. R. B.!" exclaimed D. R. C.—"He wrote about agriculture. Good suggestions he has given as to how to *bake*—nay, *bark* rails, plow the ground, sow buckwheat and—kill bedbugs. Evidently he is a wag. Is he not?"

"He has a natural vein of quiet humor; and his stories are related with a humor that rarely fails to charm his audience. I remember one which he related.

He once lent, to his new German tenant, an old-fashioned cooking stove. He examined the strange stove, the like of which he had never seen in his native land. He looked in the oven and fireplace, and concluded that the oven was the place where a fire should be made. It was accordingly done, and soon the room was full of smoke.

As to bedbugs, I detest them. I indeed thank J. R. B. for his valuable suggestion. Abominable insects they are, Mr. Chair. More than once have I jumped out of bed, lit the gas burner, and turned over sheets, pillows, bolster and mattress, in the search after the bedbug which disturbed my rest—lo! there was seen the blood-thirsty murderer going at a tearing rate of speed towards his hiding place. I clutched and sent him to the spirit land of bed-bugs."

"The name of that murderer is Jefferson Davis," remarked the Dutch Rocking Chair.

Mr. Editor,—As Don Quixotte was sane when he spoke of real things, but was insane when he spoke of Knight-Erantry and his Dulcinea, so the Dutch Rocking Chair is insane only when he speaks of Jeff. Davis whom he hates most intensely. Therefore you will please overlook his queer idea just expressed.

The subject of agriculture belongs legitimately to our friend of Livingston, and I hope he will continue it,—not this subject only, but also other matters which may interest the readers of the *Guide*. In my next letters I shall treat various subjects.

RAPHAEL PALETTE

For the Guide.

THE JACKASS.

W. M. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq.—Please excuse the liberty I take of addressing you. I don't like to intrude on persons; I don't, Sir. But as I feel an interest in deaf mutes—Poor creatures! I believe they would be glad to strengthen and sharpen their reasoning faculties by considering any question which I may propose to them, and studying and analyzing the matter. So I shall with due humility, propose a question which has always bothered me. Egad, it has.

My respected Editor,—You will perhaps adopt my suggestion that the answers of none but the subscribers of the *Guide* shall be inserted in the paper; and that they will be as brief as possible. Brevity is the soul of wit, you know. But to the question—as it has long been decided that every simpleton—every blockhead—every numskull—every person who acts foolishly is a jackass, I ask if the Jackass himself is really a fool.

I hope your subscribers will give me satisfactory answers, for I am bothered on this point.

Remember the question—

Is the Jackass really a fool?

DUTCH ROCKING CHAIR.

A MUTE BRIDAL.

In the suburb leading to the celebrated Field of Rakosch, at Pesth, in Hungary, there is a small church—I think an Episcopal. I am not sure; but at all events, it is a Protestant church. During a visit to that city a few years since, as myself and a companion drew near this church, we observed a crowd, and, immediately after, the sound of music from a procession approaching from the country reached our ears. It was a bridal; and though I could now add to this description all the antecedents, up to that moment when the nuptial car came in view, yet I shall not do so, any more than I should gum a figure, even though a beautiful one, into an interesting picture in which I observed a vacant place.

One horse, gaily caparisoned, drew the car, over which young men, dressed in scarlet cloaks, embroidered vests, white trousers, and yellow boots, waved a bright silken flag. In this car sat two girls, crowned with flowers, and wearing bright national dresses. The eldest, if that term can be applied to one who had as yet only numbered twenty summers, had golden hair, blue eyes, an exquisitely cut profile of the true Grecian cast, skin of peculiar fairness, and a graceful form. The other—the bride—was about seventeen years old. She had that sweetness of expression in her large, dark eyes and pensive smile which we term angelic. Her hair was dark, and its massive folds were confined by a white band beneath the bridal wreath. Her form was tall, light, and graceful, and there was a spirituality characterizing her whole appearance which poets say belong to Servian maids, and which suggested, I suppose, that exquisite pen-and-ink portrait of a Slavonian beauty—

"Mould thee of brightest dreams an airy creature
The loveliest soul in loveliest body drest;
Bid beauty overflow from every feature—
Bid mind uplift them from earth's narrowness."

Let the eye flash from heaven—and love
Mingle the tenderness of earthly care;
And the tall forehead tower erect above
Those smiling lips that breathe such odors fair.

Blad living garlands round the snowy brow,
With flowers from every stem and every sphere,
Flowers gay and various as the Iris-bow,
And let that form pour music on the ear,
And sweet Slavonic song—thou hast arrayed
In shadowy dreams a true Slavonian maid."

Close behind the car came the father of the bride, a tall handsome Servian, who was the hofrichter, or steward, of a nobleman's estate in the neighborhood. Beside him walked a young Magyar matron, sister to the bride, carrying in her hand a golden spindle with the finest flax, figuratively termed the "flax of Egypt," wound around it—a present—the customary one for the bride from her husband's mother. Walking two and two, about twenty couples followed, singing nuptial songs, while a few played sweet accompaniments on the three-stringed gulza and on the pipe.

My companions and I entered the church with the rest. For a moment or two there was a pause in the little porch. Every one was pressing near to the bride, and, as I observed, were expressing their thoughts by signs and gestures, which, though she apprehended with inimitable quickness, betrayed to me the melancholy truth that she was a mute.

It took some little time to arrange the procession, but when it was formed we followed in the rear, and gained a place near the communion rails, where we had a full view of the parties. Beside the bride stood the bridegroom, straight, tall, and firm as a pillar. A stray beam from the window danced round his head, brightening his dark glossy hair into sunny splendor, and shedding a warmth and radiance on the whole party, which was regarded as symbolical of the future happiness of the young couple. Handsome as was the bride, the bridegroom was fully as much so: his forehead was faultlessly fair, expansive, and stamped with the impress of an ardent, noble and intellectual nature; his dark eyes were full of tenderness and impulsive feeling, while his exquisitely chiselled mouth betrayed the sensitive, passionate, loving, and chivalrous character which lay yet unproved.

Just as the clergymen approached—for there were two, one of whom held an open book—the bridegroom stooped, and taking the hand of the bride between both his, pressed them with passionate tenderness, looking full into her eyes. I know not what it was in the manner of this action which startled me, betraying to me in an instant that he too was mute; but I have to this day a vivid remembrance of the mingled feelings of pity and excitement which I experienced as I afterwards

witnessed that silent ceremony. The reading commenced slowly, solemnly, sweetly, and as it proceeded the assistant clergyman rendered it word by word, or rather letter by letter, in the orthography of the mutes, for the two, who stood looking so closely and earnestly at his manipulations, sending up from the rich store in their hearts of love, and truth, and faith, vows which, though voiceless on earth, reached the throne of God, and were recorded in the sight of heaven.

When that portion of the ceremony was commenced, "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it," the mutes took up their eloquent sign-language, each pressing the right hand earnestly on their hearts; then raised them, pointing with one finger upwards. There was no hidden impediment—God knew their truth—to Him they appealed.

The man was then asked that question of all absorbing interest and importance—"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" And on his lips—though mute, expressive; and in his eyes, so full of love—were the confirmation of the response, which, first given in the word-language by a few rapid movements of the hands, was reiterated in the eloquent sign-language amidst a pulseless silence. For a moment his glance sought hers; then he raised one hand heavenward before he clasped both firmly, and pressed them to his heart. It would be recorded before God that they two were henceforth "to live together after God's ordinance;" he opened wide his arms—he would "love her," he formed a circle with them—he would "comfort her;" protecting, guarding, separating her from all outward troubles. He placed his hands above his head—he would "honor her;" she would be his crown, he "the temple's prop, the temple's base, on which to raise the pile of woman's grace." Again he opened wide his arms, and appeared to enfold in them some loved form—he "would keep her in sickness and in health." Bowing his head and pointing downward for an instant, he again stood erect, holding his hand heavenward, "so long as they both shall live," until the grave separated them, God was witness. The bride was then asked—"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" Her affirmative reply with her hands was given with a glowing cheek, while the inimitable grace of her sign-language caused one to forget that the divine utterances of nature's voice were reaching your heart, coming straight from hers.

When all was over they stood for a moment, their hands locked—he gazing down on her with touching tenderness, and she with her soft dark eyes timidly raised to his. No language or sign passed between them, yet sympathy conveyed from heart to heart blissful assurances of unchanging love. Each then pointed upwards; God's blessing was invoked on these voiceless promises; and the next instant she was folded to his bosom, his wife.

The clergymen then withdrew, and the father advanced. Taking the golden spindle he placed it in her hands, her bridesmaids in the meantime forming a circle round her, while in the word-language he said—"Remember, my child, a man's happiness depends on his wife, and a man's prosperity in the world on the amiability of his home. The seaman amidst the rocks looks out for the stars, so will your husband look to you for light and guidance when tossed on the tides of grief. United in love, ye shall be as a temple on a hundred pillars—having different interests, ye shall be as a bird whose wings are broken, in vain attempting to fly away and be at rest." He then kissed her, the procession was re-formed, and they left the church.

Immediately on the bride's taking her seat in the car, the music and singing recommenced. Indeed, every step of a Hungarian marriage ceremony, which lasts for several days, is accompanied by poetry and song. The young people now divided themselves into two parties, taking opposite sides of the nuptial car—one group singing the praises of the bride, while the other replied, chanting the good qualities of the bridegroom.

In the midst of all these sounds of rejoicing it was strange to see these two pass on in utter silence, their hands clasping each the other's and their eyes beaming with their newly-found happiness.

Two Characters.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a weary task
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire,
Such rich provision made.

—Trench.

A CHAPTER ON MISTAKES.—1. Persons who write long articles for family newspapers make a great mistake, when they expect them to be generally read.

2. Writers who select subjects of controversy are greatly mistaken if they suppose that a protracted discussion will interest a majority of readers.

3. Writers who extend obituary notices much over half a column, are greatly mistaken if they imagine that they secure the attention of one-half the general readers.

4. Those who write only a few lines to indicate respect for the deceased, are greatly mistaken, if they suppose their brief notices will be overlooked.

5. Writers, of careless habits, are greatly mistaken if they suppose an Editor has nothing to do, but to correct their miserable punctuation, and orthography, and remodel one-half their clumsy sentences.

6. Writers of indolent habits are greatly mistaken if they think that printers can decipher scratches as readily as they can well-formed letters.

7. Writers of verses are greatly mistaken when they suppose that an Editor will always think as highly of their production as they do themselves. His taste may be at fault.

8. A writer whose article may be declined is greatly mistaken when he charges the Editor with prejudice and partiality.

9. Any reader who may suppose we mean him in any one of the above paragraphs will be greatly mistaken, as we write not with individual reference.

10. Unless we are greatly mistaken it will be well to stop at this point.—*Methodist Protestant.*

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind, when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to make a will, and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to take a good paper, and to pay for it annually in advance.

Inducements to Subscribers.

We have made arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer the following Magazines and Newspapers in club with the *GUIDE* at greatly reduced rates.

Any person sending us the name of a new subscriber—accompanied by the money—is entitled to a choice of any one of the following periodicals at the low rates mentioned.

Harper's Monthly Magazine, (N. Y.)
Regular price. \$3.00. To our new subscribers. \$1.75.

Continental Monthly, (Boston.)
[This is a Magazine peculiarly adapted to the wants of our mute friends. It possesses depth without obscurity, and elegance and simplicity of style without turgidity or childishness.]
Regular price. \$3.00. To our new subscribers. \$1.75.

Knickerbocker Magazine, (N. Y.)
Regular price. \$3.00. To our new subscribers. \$1.50.

Godey's Ladies' Book, (Philadelphia.)
Regular price. \$3.00. To our new subscribers. \$1.75.

Peterson's Magazine, (Philadelphia.)
Regular price. \$3.00. To our new subscribers. \$2.00.

[The two preceding are the best Ladies' Magazines in the world.]

Arthur's Home Magazine, (Phila.)
Regular price. \$2.00. To our new subscribers. \$1.50.

Congregationalist, (Boston.)
Regular price. \$1.25. To our new subscribers. \$1.00.

Portland Transcript, (Portland, Me.)
[The best literary weekly in New England—abounding in stories, anecdotes, valuable agricultural and other items, &c.]
Regular price. \$1.50. To our new subscribers. 75 cts.

Forney's War Press, (Philadelphia.)
[Edited by Col. John W. Forney, Clerk of the United States Senate. Contains all the war news in detail, besides other interesting matter.]
Regular price. \$2.00. To our new subscribers. \$1.00.

Harper's Illustrated Weekly, (N. Y.)
Regular price. \$2.50. To our new subscribers. \$1.50.

Orders must in all cases be accompanied by the money. Address W. M. CHAMBERLAIN, South Reading, Mass.

CHEAP JOB PRINTING.

251 Washington Street, Boston.

We would remind our friends and the public, that we are always prepared to attend to orders for all kinds of

Book and Job Printing at the lowest rates. Those in want of CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS, HANDBILLS, or any other kind of Printing, are requested to give us a call.